

# The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

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\$1.00 a Year

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Marlinton, W. Va.  
All calls promptly answered.

**DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,**  
Dentist.  
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Will visit Pocahontas county at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

**DR. M. STOUT,**  
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**The Home-Sick Child.**  
I'm thinking of the lane, mother,  
At summer eves so cool;  
The dandy-lions in the grass,  
And children home from school.  
White pebbles in the brook, mother,  
The willows bending low;  
And mosses on the steep hill-side,  
Where winter berries grow.  
The sweetbrier bush close to the gate,  
The lily flowers—just one;  
And songs you used to sing, mother,  
When week-day's work was done.  
I want—the quick breath sudden faded  
And to the child was given,  
Perfection of her every wish—  
The Beautiful of Heaven.

Marlinton, W. Va.,  
February 1903

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

While Saturday afternoon January 24th is remembered by many at Marlinton as one of the most stormy, sombre and depressing days of the season, it is not so to be remembered by me personally.

As I was passing along the wall near the Times' office threading my way through the labyrinth of horses and mules hitched in sardine fashion, and near enough to be hurtful, I was accosted by a cheery voice and upon looking up saw it was one of my pet Pocahontas boys, coming towards me. His features radiant with good nature, brightening up still more as he extended his hand, in cordial greeting, "you are the very man I have been looking for." Then modulating his voice, almost to a whisper, he remarked, by way of explanation, "I want you to come to William McNeill's next Thursday evening, and hook me up."

While I made no claims to being the proverbial wise man, still the laconic phrase "hook me up" was sufficient and arrangements were planned accordingly.

As he turned away and as a parting word, he says, "Now be certain to come, for I expect to be prompt and unexpected interview, there were some days of pleasing anticipation on my part, and one more nice delightful excursion to the Swago vicinity in sight. The following notes by the way, tells the story to some extent.

Thursday morning Greenbrier Valley was shrouded with a mist such as rarely occurs for density and moisture. The matting on the porches and carpets in the halls, were wringing wet from the condensation.

The magnifying effects on all objects were remarkable. At about nine o'clock I set out, staff in hand, for a pedestrian jaunt to attend the marriage as arranged for three or four miles away. About opposite the Kee Rocks a horseman apparently of gigantic proportions appeared looming up in the mist and when near enough was recognized as one of the veterans that survive those who trotted with Sheridan from Winchester to Cedar Creek. The features of this Union veteran showed nothing however of the grim visage of war, for as he met me, he was all smiles and suggested that I must have some expectation of being at a wedding, judging from appearances.

A mile or so further on the home of another Union veteran came to view, looking about as large as the capitol at Washington as seen through the strange mist. I found him getting ready for the wedding and looking for me to come along. And when he told me he had two horses doing nothing, and proposed that I should ride one and he the other, he found it one of the easiest things he ever tried in his life to get my consent to what was proposed.

Thereupon I hung up my walking stick, dined with the family and immediately after dinner two persons on white horses were heading for the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. William McNeill on Dry Branch.

Swago, one of the most headlong streams in this region, was on one of its periodical rampages, but our strong horses, braved the writers successfully and safely and the home in question was soon reached.

This home is near the spot

where the Bridger boys had their pioneer home, and whose tragic taking-off at the Bridger Notch in 1786 is one of the saddest events on record in Pocahontas pioneer annals.

Forty or fifty relatives and friends assembled and everything passed off in the most approved and pleasant style, where the best of feeling ruled and kindest wishes expressed for the esteemed young people whose lives were now blended as one.

Three or four weeks previously the groom was best man at a marriage that came near a mournful ending. The groom in question, was from the western part of the State and when starting home with his bride the party attempted to eddy near the Buckeye station, the canoe collided with floating ice, and was overturned, throwing five or six persons into waterchind deep, two of them being the bride and her sister. All however turned out to be well, that ended in them escaping safely to land on the right side of the river.

An interesting feature of Swago society, declares itself in the praiseworthy fact, that so many of the young people appear to have read Miss Phoebe Cary's poems to a good practical purpose.

"Tell me not in idle jingle  
Marriage is an empty dream,  
For the girl is dead that's single  
And things are not what they seem."

"Married life is real earnest,  
Single blessedness a fib,  
Ta'en from man, to man return-  
est."

Has been spoken of the rib."  
Hence it is when the right one comes along and talks to the purpose a wedding materializes in due time.

There is much to attract the attention and charm the imagination of our lives.

While it may be true that there is something enchanting in summer evenings, pearly wintry mornings, rainbows, songless and solitary forests, the reason of all this is only understood by the teachings of true youthful attachments; a confidential and tender relation of one to another, introduces to this felicitous state of being and feeling and is really the nameless enchantment of our human lives. Like a certain divine fervor, and enthusiasm, a passion seizes on humanity at one period of a person's history and brings about a revolution in mind and body, that unites him to his race, pledges him to the domestic and civil relations, carries such a one with new sympathy into nature's grand appearances, referred to, enhances the power of the senses, opens the imagination, adds to the individual character something in the guise of heroic and sacred attributes thus establishing marriage and giving permanence to all that human social relations imply in the commonwealth at large. How suggestive is the scene where youthful persons plight their vows, the world before them where to choose their lot, and Providence their guide. In the language of one of the purest writers of the century just passed, the wish is sincerely expressed, "That which is so beautiful and attractive as these relations thus expressed, must be succeeded and supplanted only by what is more beautiful, and so on forever."

A visit to Swago most always awakens vivid recollections of old Granny Diana Saunders, one of remarkable picturesque characters that figured in pioneer social relations for so many years and of whom the young bride is a worthy descendant. The last time I ever saw this good old lady was in August 1852.

I had been to the Levels and on my return stopped at Aunt Phoebe McNeill's to have a few words with that saintly old friend who had always kind words and blessing for me, whenever we met, William and I shall always wish you well, and be a good boy."

She told me that Granny Saunders was up in the loft, very sick,

and no doubt she would like to see me.

I climbed the stairs and found my old friend in the attic, next to the roof and there was quite a scene, when she found out who I was, and exclaimed in her enthusiastic way, "Oh what will all my mercies and blessings come to yet, when a college boy thinks enough of me to come and see poor old Granny Saunders!"

"Billy you have come just in time to see me off, I am here on the last bed I shall ever fill in this world. You see I am here in the loft just as high as I can get to meet my good Lord who is coming for me, right away."

In her ecstasy she tried to sing, something she had never been able to do in her life, turn a tune, she made a curious noise, like weird crooning, and then checked herself, "Oh I liked to have forgotten myself, I cannot sing but Billy there is one thing I can do I can praise Him." And then she had a lively time shouting in her way and from the strength of her voice it did not impress me that she was as near off, as she imagined herself to be.

When she quieted down we took leave of each other, she urged me to meet her in the Father's house for she would be so glad to have me there where she expected to be soon. Though she recovered and lived ten or fifteen years longer, we never met again. Dear old lady, happy are those who have had friends like her and old Phebe to pray for them.

One of the guests upon this happy occasion was venerable John Adkisson another relative of the venerated Mrs. Saunders, now far advanced in the seventies.

He suggested a fascinating idea about money matters. He had noticed some people had a preference for silver money, some for gold money, others for paper money, but he believed there were people around that day whose preference was for matrimony.

At sunset the white horses were saddled and mounted. In the meantime Swago had been filling up and seemed more boisterous than before, if possible. But the sur-footed strong horses were equal to the occasion and the two fordings were made in safety and the hospitable home of the Union veteran was reached as the twilight shadows began to fall in their calm and impressive way, leaving us to number and remember one more pleasant, interesting day.

## The Value of Our County

In addition to the many valuable uses of our forest comes the spruce ship spars, meaning the long timbers or masts that support the sails for the ships that plow the seas. Consequently this requires timber that is light, yet has plenty of strength, and must grow as to make a given number of inches on each end.

Owing to the odd and unusual specifications required timber for this purpose has been hard to secure. The market for this kind of material has heretofore been filled from Nova Scotia, and the state of Oregon, and have been hauled across the states to the Atlantic coast cities, but the bulk being taken by boat all the way round Cape Horn and into the same market. A sample car load of our county product was put at the ship yards about a year ago by G. E. Patrick, of Seebert, being the first timber ever shipped from this state for this purpose.

Soon as it was known that this timber would fill the bill, and W. Va. could furnish it, contracts were closed by a Baltimore firm with all the ship yards between Norfolk and Boston. This firm shipped from this county during 1902, through G. E. Patrick to various points along the coast a sufficient amount of this timber to rig up 200 new ships. We are advised by Mr. Patrick that the orders he has in hand for the present year will run far beyond this.

## BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE LEGISLATURE

### THE EDITOR MAKES A TRIP TO THE SETTLEMENT

The Capital and Legislators.—The Three Houses—Republicans Discriminate Against Negroes.—A Batch of Other Matter.

Last week we went to Charleston and found the Legislature in full blast. The editor of the Greenbrier Valley Democrat saw us as we went through Ronceverte and said in his paper that we had come down into the settlement. If the word settlement had as much tincture to him as to the average country editor he would not use it so lightly.

At Charleston, Hotel Ruffner was alive with statesmen, who were working in and out of that famous hostelry like bees at a hive. Probably there is as much legislation done at this hotel as there is at the State House. The hotel has a large lobby beautifully finished. Around the three sides is a balcony from which the ladies watch the animated scene in the pit below. There is said to be a point on Broadway in New York where if you take your stand and wait long enough you will see practically all the world pass by. There is a point in this hotel lobby near the cigar stand which will give you a view of all the statesmen in West Virginia if you wait long enough.

The State House is a large square building containing the offices of the various State officers, the court room and library of the Supreme Court, and the rooms necessary for the legislature.

There is a rule which excludes anyone from the floor of the House except the members and attaches and ex-members, and every now and then the Sergeant at arms comes among the throng behind the railing at the back of the hall and tells the people that they must positively go up in the gallery where they belong as it is positively against the rules for them to be crowding in there. Then the wise guy draws himself up in a very dignified way and says "Sir, I am an ex-member!" and the gentleman passes on and leaves him undisturbed. On the writers first visit to the House he was the only one of something like a hundred men behind the rail, who was apparently not an ex-member, for he hurried up to the gallery and joined a half a dozen indigent colored men who were watching the proceedings from that eyrie, and dreaming of the hour, when the South would in suppliance bend and tremble at their power.

From that high aerial lookout we saw the ex-members on the floor below just as we had left them and felt like we had been victimized.

The presiding officer of the House Mr. Moats, of Parkersburg, is one of the youngest looking men in the House and that is saying a good deal, for there are a number of delegates who do not look as though they had attained their majority.

At one of the entrances is a cloak room where the members hang their overcoats and hats on pegs, which are numbered. These rooms are presided over by colored men who are on the payroll of the House. Their duties are not arduous and the place is considered a political prize. One morning a resolution was offered fixing the pay of the cloak room keeper at \$4.00 per day. This was warmly contested by a number of Republican statesmen on the ground that that was the identical salary of a delegate who had waded through fire and blood at the primaries and elections and been sent a long distance from home and his daily avocations to the responsible and laudable duties of a legislator. It was voted down, in spite of the frantic appeals of the colored member from Fayette, who reminded the

legislature that these were the only colored attaches of the House and were the first to have a liberal salary refused. A tall sycamore on the Democratic side of the House then moved a reconsideration and lambasted the Republican party for discrimination against the colored man and when the vote was taken the salary asked for was granted.

The legislature has kept on making places for indigent party men until they have 125 attaches whose pay for the session will be \$23,500 while the salary for the 116 members will be only \$20,340. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

After the subject had been disposed of the member from Clay county arose and asked leave to offer a resolution. The resolution was read and was to the effect that there should be no more raising of salaries for the reason that many men from all over the State had been present at the opening of the session who had expressed themselves willing to work for the customary salaries, and if the legislature had any money it did not need that it should be expended to defray the expenses of the defeated candidates to and from the State capital. It was treated as a joke but there was an under current of truth in it that probably gave some of the party leaders a pause.

There is a considerable amount of fire works in the House but the deadly work is done in the Senate. Buckle says that "repeal is more blessed than enactment." That is the power to correct errors and wrongs of previous legislation. There are thirty members of the Senate and sixteen of these can prevent any act however necessary from being passed. Those classes of men who are prospering on account of legislation enacted in the dark days of this State have only to enlist the sympathy and get at the hearts of sixteen senators to enjoy the emoluments given them by the State laws for two more long years.

For instance the House passed a pure food bill two years ago the object of which was to close the state as a market place for adulterated foods and drinks. The proposition was supported by the chemical analysis of some of the most common of the prepared foods and drinks on the market, but it was killed in the Senate. We give this negative illustration rather than one of the hundreds where repeal is necessary as we do not wish to interfere with anyone's vested rights.

There are a number of distinguished men from all parts of the State who form what is called the third house. These men are experts in legislation. When any question comes up to be passed upon there are men in the third house who have made a special study of the merits or drawbacks of the measure and who are able to judge the effect it will have if it becomes a law. As only the fool refuses to receive instruction these brainy men are welcomed in the committee rooms where they lecture the committee on the desirability of the measure. There are some so rude as to call them lobbyists, lobsters and wet nurses, and some of the legislators are so bad in trespasses and sins that they say they do not need instructions. This hurts these noble missionaries but they know that the legislature needs them and they will not be grieved away.

Of course in the large synod of missionaries there will be some unworthy members, who will have some obnoxious bills introduced with their left hands that they may have work for their right hands, but believe me, these are exceptions. The great majority of these men are there at their own expense as useful patriots to give the legislature the aid of their trained intellects.

The standing of the third house is so well recognized that it is deemed a compliment to be thought to be a member of it. A most graceful question to ask the visitor from up the State is whether

or he is there to make an argument before a committee.

The writer was asked this a time or two and responded that he was not, but as we lost taste by not having anything up our sleeves, we changed about. The next time we were asked the question we said we had made a life long study of natural history and felt able to speak on that subject. And that we had an appointment with the committee on natural history to make an argument on the necessity of the protection of the skunk or pole cat, and that we were there to oppose the bill introduced by the member from Skunkville allowing the skunk or polecat to be killed in self defense. This seemed to impress the hearer sufficiently, and we stuck to the tale the whole time we were in Charleston.

**Our School at Slaty Fork.**  
Miss Georgia Anna Hannah,  
Who taught at Slaty Fork;  
The school that she conducted  
Is worthy of remark.

She gave an entertainment  
The day her school was closed,  
The grandest recitations  
That ever were composed.

There was a large assembly,  
They seated quite two-thirds;  
The rest stood near the windows,  
Just drinking in the words.  
She'll take the youngest pupil  
That knows not even A:  
One month she'll have him reading,  
If she will only stay.

We truly compliment her  
The five months school is over,  
She is on the Ship of Science,  
And steering for the shore.

Her second five months' labor  
Is somewhere near the Sinks  
(Yes faith and works together)  
She acts as well as sings.

We hope you'll be successful  
In the new field you've chosen  
Your work is elevating  
With these remarks we'll close  
J. W. J.

## SWORD AND TORCH

### NEGRO LAWYER, ADVOCATES DRASTIC MEASURES

To Subjugate the Whites, in a Speech at Washington, the Mecca of the Afro-American.

At a large meeting held in Washington, that Mecca of the Afro-American, James H. Hayes, a negro lawyer of Richmond, was the principal speaker. He said that the time has come when the negro must fight, not with theories but with his hands, and that he must appeal to the sword and torch.

We would like to know whom the negro is to fight. If it is the white man, he would be involved in a hopeless conflict. If it is the government it will be treason. Against whom is this blind rage directed? Surely not against the administration at the head of which stands President Roosevelt, the patron saint of the colored man. And not against the states, for if they have exceeded their powers in dealing with the colored man the Federal government, now reviewing the action, will right the wrong. If the states have acted within their rights the Federal government will uphold them.

The incendiary speech of the negro orator can amount to nothing. It cannot even be dignified by making it the basis of a charge of treason under our laws.

Under the constitution the negro has a moral right to vote. The highest law of the land gives it to him, yet in that race of people civilized by contact with white races, there is not the intellectual force necessary to retain the right. Physical and moral force have always amounted to nothing as compared to intellectual activity.

Hayes says with bitterness, that the North and South are united against the negro. If that be true whose fault is it? Is it not because both the North and South are disappointed in the negro as an elector?

In the South the white people

have the wealth and the influence, and since the war they have resented the action which has deprived them of the privilege of choosing between the parties. The racial question has so far overshadowed all others that they have been compelled to abandon all thought of other questions and keep control of their respective states. It is the handicap that has prevented the South from taking part in the councils of the nation. Because of that close corporation of negro voters Southern men have been barred from an opportunity of shaping national affairs, in which they figured so largely before the war.

From the natural attitude of the negro voters, a strange state of affairs has arisen. The negroes have been divorced politically from their real friends, Northern people cannot endure negroes except at a distance. A negro man cannot and is not allowed to live in the North. All labor unions are closed to him, and the Northern people have a natural antipathy for him.

It is just the reverse in the South. There is probably not a negro in the South but who has a friend and protector a white man, probably of the blood of those who once owned him or his people, and that white man will go to any length to see that his colored friend is not wronged or overreached by unscrupulous white men.

But when they go to the polls the colored man and his champion part, the negro voting for a poetic sentiment, and dashing against the irresistible forces of the white man's intellectual activity.

When the negro sees his moral rights do not prevail against the intellectual forces brought to bear against him, he becomes bewildered, and loses the light.

It will always be so, until the time comes that he shows some independence in politics, and can vote in such way that he will be a power for himself in politics. When he has sufficient intellectual ability to engage in politics, he will get his rights under the constitution and not before.

Booker Washington has the best grasp of the situation and knows how to make the most of it. He realizes that the thing to do is for the colored people to accumulate wealth and to become educated. He also sees that this is being accomplished by rapid strides. He sees that under existing circumstances there is nothing but heartburnings and disappointment for them in politics.

And unless the colored people can consent to place themselves under the banners of the intellectual leaders of their respective states, they will have to keep out of politics. They had better heed Booker Washington and not Jas. H. Hayes, if they wish to remain peaceful and prosperous.

## Notice.

To whom it may concern:  
All persons are hereby notified that my wife Amanda E. Taylor has left my home on her own accord and that I will not be liable for any debts or contracts that she may make while she is away.

GEORGE W. TAYLOR,  
Dunmore, W. Va.

## Church at Cass, W. Va.

The erection of a frame church is planned for the following spring and summer. Persons wishing to bid on the same will please write to Mr. W. F. Anderson, chairman of building committee, Cass, W. Va., for specifications, etc.

## Notice.

To those who may have fur for sale. We have had thirteen years experience in buying and selling fur, and handle thousands of hides, and from the amount we handle can give you much better grade and better prices than if you were to ship just a bale now and then. We have some experienced buyers, and if any fur buyer, merchant or trapper will write us giving the amount of fur on hand, we will send a buyer if within our reach. Don't fail to write us if you have fur for sale.

Yours very respectfully  
L. D. Sharp.